THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE

—OF—

THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

VOL. 7. JUNE, 1894. NO. 11

SOME MEMORIES OF THE RED SEA.

MARY J. CAMPBELL.

ALL night long the snow flakes fell thick and fast, and now the prairies of Illinois are covered with a soft white carpet which glistens in the morning light. The air is full of music from the sleighs that glide so swiftly by with their merry jingling of bells. Living in this cold, white world, how can I tell you of those days spent on the Red Sea, with its blue waters sparkling and dancing in the warm sunshine. And yet a few bright pictures come before me which can never be forgotten. Here is one.

One evening in May when Miss Corbett and I were on the steamship "Locksley Hall" on our way to the dear home land after an absence of nearly nine years, a Scotch lady and I stood leaning over the railing peering out into the dark waters. The sky was overshadowed by a heavy cloud, which seemed to fall in deep, black folds into the sea. It was all dark save where the white spray dashed against the sides of the ship, flashing and sparkling with myriad phosphorescent lights. In the south was one little bit of blue sky and in that bright spot shone the Southern Cross. Quickly our thoughts flew to the cross on Calvary where our blessed Saviour suffered, and of the darkness that was over all the earth during that dreadful time.

The Red Sea is full of dangers, seen and unseen for the navigator, because of the many great ragged rocks that stand out of the water, and what is more dangerous, just below the surface of the sea. A dark object appears in the water near the rocky coast of a Red Sea island. Looking through a glass one discovers it is the wreck of a ship. A broken mast, with one end of the ship high out of the water, is all that tells the story of what took place there one dark stormy night when a gallant ship, with a precious freight of some score of human lives, drifted toward the cruel rocks, and struck and sank with all on board. Little wonder then that our captain paced the deck with anxious tread while we were passing through this sea. We would see him now on the bridge beside an officer making calculations, now on the forward deck, glass in hand, looking out into the sea as though he would compel it to re-

veal its dangers.

One afternoon when we were well out of the Red Sea into the Gulf of Suez, he put on a cheerful, reassuring countenance as we drew near. We were just opposite Moses' Well, which is on Arabia's shore, a well with many palm trees all about it. Handing me his telescope he said: "Now look at that straight pole, standing a short distance from the clump of palms—that tall pole with a disc on it." Through the telescope I discovered a long palm tree growing up straight and tall. "That was the tree," he said, "which the children of Israel looked at when they were crossing the Red Sea, so they might not miss the place." With a laugh he turned away, and we amused ourselves looking at the Egyptian shore, at the very place where the children of Israel are supposed to have come down to the shore of the Red Sea. This place was full of interest to us, and we tried to picture the scene that was enacted on those shores so many centuries ago. The steep rocky hill sides, the narrow defile on the Egyptian side, the smooth waters of the Gulf, the bleak hills and stretches of sand on the shore of Arabia, demanded our attention. As the sun sank behind the hills, the picture was so lovely we could only gaze upon it in awe. The distant hills were shrouded in a purple haze, while the nearer ones were half hidden by a pink veil. Streaks of emerald shot out from the shore into the sea, until later on the whole sea had turned into a beautiful green. The quaint little sail boats hugging the shores gave a touch of life to the picture which seemed to make it perfect.

The great seas are ever full of interest, but to the child of God perhaps none are more so than the Red Sea, for it was in these waters that the Lord saved Israel out of the hand of the Egyptians, and led forth His redeemed in mercy.

Media, Ill., January 1894.

THE CHICAGO PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

"Of Chaos were born children, Erebus and Nox."

[NOTE.—At the risk of referring oftener than may seem necessary to the Parliament of Religions, we quote from an article in the C. M. S. Intelligencer. It is clear and concise, and altogether one of the best accounts of that gathering which we have seen.]

THE initial Committee of the Parliament was appointed by Hon. Charles Carroll Bonney, of whose antecedents and accomplishments, both theological and intellectual, we own our shameful ignorance. It consisted of sixteen members. Of these one was a "zealous and scholarly" Swedenborgian, a second an "eloquent pastor" of a Universalist church. A third was far-famed as "a successful Baptist preacher." A fourth was an active worker among the advanced Unitarians. A fifth was the pastor of an independent organization of Christians at Chicago. A sixth was a Romish archbishop, described, we may remark, as Archbishop of the Catholic church. A seventh was a Jewish rabbi. The chairman was the pastor of a Presbyterian church; and besides the Protestant Bishop of Chicago and the Bishop of a so-called reformed Episcopal church, there were numbered a Congregationalist, a German Methodist, a Norwegian, and a Swedish Lutheran, and a member of the Society of Friends. We have given this enumeration at length, as we count it of first-rate importance that our readers should be acquainted with the responsible and representative character of the conveners of the World's Parliament.

The invitations to the Parliament, we are told, travelled over every sea and traversed every land. A very large num-

ber of persons of ecclesiastical note were invited to allow their names to appear as members of an Advisory Council. Those who replied with any expression of courtesy appear to have been reckoned forthwith among the adherents, to the principle at least, of the Parliament. Much dissatisfaction, however, was felt and expressed by the Committee that the Archbishop of Canterbury had gone out of his way to state, in his reply, reasons which appeared to discountenance any participation in the Parliament. He wrote: "I am afraid that I cannot write the letter which in yours of March 20th you wish me to write expressing a sense of the importance of the proposed Conference, without its appearing to be an approval of the scheme. The difficulties which I myself feel are not questions of distance and convenience, but rest on the fact that the Christian religion is the one religion. I do not understand how that religion can be regarded as a member of a Parliament of Religions without assuming the equality of the other intended members, and the parity of their position and claims. Beyond this, while I quite understand how the Christian religion might produce its evidences before any assembly, a 'presentation' of that religion must go far beyond the question of evidences, and must subject to further discussion that faith and devotion which are its characteristics, and which belong to a region far too sacred for such treatment. I hope that this explanation will excuse me with you for not complying with your request."

Yet another reply to the invitations issued by the Committee of the Parliament has been considered worthy of reproduction in the pages of these volumes. The admirable scholarship and the high attainments of the Rev. E. J. Eitel, of Hong Kong, are well known to us and to all European students of Buddhism. We could add easily more in his honor did we count it an injury to him to be pilloried in opprobrium by the editor of the record of the Parliament for having expressed himself thus:

"Let me warn you not to deny the sovereignty of your Lord by any further continuance of your agitation in favor of a Parliament not sanctioned by His Word. If misled yourself, at least do not mislead others, nor jeopardize, I pray you, the precious life of your soul by playing fast and loose with the truth and coquetting with false religions. I give you credit for the best intentions, but let me warn you that you are unconsciously planning treason against Christ."

Our notice of the Parliament of Religions will lack completeness if we omit mention of the illustrations drawn from the cults of Heathenism which appear in the pages of the Report. They are to us as instructive and even more striking than any of the doctrinal contents of the text. They need indeed to be seen to be appreciated, and our words must do them scantest justice.

On one page we are gravely presented with a photograph of the Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy as the "Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science." On another page we view a group of Indian Fakirs honestly given in all their nakedness, their dirt, and their general sanitary undesirableness. Bound up with this strange company appear the portraits of doctors of divinity from the West and pastors of Christian churches. Religious zeal is admirably represented by a Taoist mendicant who, "to raise funds for the repairing of his temple, has run a skewer through his cheek, and vowed not to take it out until his purpose was accomplished." For the suggestion of which method of raising funds some clergyman will be especially grateful to the Parliament. * * * * * *

Had the course of the Chicago Parliament been commenced with ceremonies

genuinely native to the various cults, we might have expected some exceedingly novel and, even for Chicago, startling developments. The processional hymn might not unnaturally be an expurgated anthem from the Psalmody of Krishna, as representing the most popular deity of a vast section of the Aryan race. We might naturally look in the second place for a devotional time conducted by a Buddhist Lama, representing the Light of Asia, with the assistance of a prayer-mill. All arrangements as to vestments, incense, and postures might be left with absolute confidence to the combined and unrivalled experience of the Buddhist and Romish Archbishops. A popular address from an African rain-maker would not unfittingly intervene. A dancing dervish might next stir the assembly with illustrations of Mohammedan spirituality, and the benediction pronounced by the representative of Zoroaster would not inappropriately terminate a very edifying season.

But we are not cast upon the resources of our imagination to depict what did probably happen.

We have adduced hitherto solely the doctrinal differences which obtain among the creeds and cults represented in the Parliament of Chicago. We have limited ourselves purposely to them. But these are by no means their sole divergencies. They are indeed differences but dimly appreciable to the natural mind. They count for but little in the balances of a carnal apprehension. If differences be but differences of opinion, why, says the world, need the tribes of man rush ever at their neighbor's throats? So far, say they, as the proceedings of the Parliament were concerned, the peaceful and orderly delivery of their opinions by the several delegates or representatives, saving some important exceptions, augured favorably for the promotion of an universal unity of creeds. But the distinctions of the faiths were as little represented by the decorous addresses as they were by the varied hues of their ecclesiastical attire. It is not with how Buddhism or Mohammedanism figured in Chicago that we are so much concerned as with what they are at Kagoshima or at Constantinople; not so much the aspect of Hinduism and Romanism there, as their character as exhibited in the temples of Travancore, or illustrated in the history of the Inquisition. This distinction is of such serious importance that we count it needful to emphasize it a space. It is the more necessary from the fact that in this difference of life and conduct lies the ground of our most earnest indictment of the Chicago Parliament. We look beyond the impressive personages grouped in weighty conclave, and, tearing aside the veils of fiction, imagination, and romance, what do we behold?

Behind the English apostate representative of Mohammed present at the Parliament, we see the ages of blood, of polygamy, of slavery endorsed, sanctioned, sanctified by the fugitive of Mecca.

Behind the Buddhist ecclesiastic we see the denial of the Creator; the equality of man indeed proclaimed, but an equality of nothingness; we see a creed begun with the denial of any God ending in adoration of idols innumerable; we see a religion in Japan powerless to purify; in China a creed of sloth, of mendicancy, and of mental stagnation, and everywhere an enemy of Christ.

Behind the Hindu, we see in his practices the most awful degradation in the name of deity that man has ever known. We hear the cry of the burning widow, the wail of downtrodden women sounding through the centuries; we see the anguish of human sacrifices to Kali; we see the murderer beseeching from the goddess courage for his crimes; we

moral vileness elevated to the dignity of a thing divine.

Behind the Roman Cardinal we read outspread the martyr-roll of the saints, the worship of the creature rather than the Creator, and idolatries at which Buddhism itself might blush.

Behind the veil of decent tolerance we see hidden at the Chicago Parliament the very spirit of fiercest enmity to the follower of Christ. In India we see helpless English ladies trampled upon and cruelly maltreated by the pious zeal of Hinduism. We view the antagonism of Hindu and Mohammedan, menacing even now the meeting of the Education Congress in North India with violence. We see the Buddhist joining hand with devil-worship in Ceylon, but everywhere resolute in resisting the purifying influences of the Gospel. We behold Rome, wherever she has the power, in Canada, in Ireland, in Spain, employing every instrument that law will suffer to alienate the liberty, the property, the life of the heretic.

To do the Japanese Shintoist but barest justice, there was no concealment, even at the Parliament, of the bitterness of his hate to the Christianity at least which he identified with Rome. Heedless of the presence of the dignitaries of that communion, scorning the message of the Pope that nothing detrimental to the faith be said, with fiery vehemence he justified the destruction of Romish Christianity in the seventeenth century in Japan, and carried his audience of 4000 on the Michigan shore with him when he preferred his gravest charges against the Christian name. And these Christians of Japan were those whom Rome with pomp and circumstance canonised but the other day.

* * * * * * *

Such was the character of the Chicago Religious Convention. While we ponder upon, it at one moment with the philosopher of tears we weep, at the next with the laughing sage we smile. Its composition reminds of the portentous word in Aristophanes, to us an amazement and an amusement in our school days, the curiosity of our Lexicon, containing, if memory fail not, some seventy syllables, each indicating an exquisite ingredient in the *chef d'œuvre* of the Athenian cook. The Parliament has furnished an admirable object-lesson for the latitudinarian. It represented rationalism in its ripest and yet most reasonable fruitage. It was not anything more, we regret to admit, than the logical and legitimate sequence of much very foolish talking of Christian people of the present time. It has more than sufficient justification in the abundance of wild and extravagant utterances of some very reputable divines. We come to bury, not to praise, this Chicago Cæsar, else we might say a good many such things in its extenuation. We should discover considerations of mitigation, however, not in the case of the Christian or the semi-Christian elements there represented, but in the condition of their Heathen associates. These latter even especially merit our sympathy. Their acceptance on terms of religious equality by those who in so doing went far to forfeit their own title to the Faith was to them the courtesy of a most cruel wrong. It has without doubt gone far to harden in their Heathenism and confirm in their unbelief not only themselves, but the countless millions in the darkness and shadow of death whom they represent. This is the gravest aspect of the assembly.

Faithfulness to the honor of the Christian creed bids us affirm that the summons to such an assembly was in itself an act of treason to the Truth; not less an insult than an assault. It was the negation of the primary postulate of the Faith, the unqualified denial of its funda-

mental propositions. It assumed the equal status of other faiths with *the* Faith. It scornfully set aside the Christain claim to spiritual supremacy. It absolutely rejected, as built on baseless pretensions, the uncompromising attitude of the Christian religion. The spirit which suggested the propriety of a Parliament of Religions at Chicago is the same as that which invited the servant of God to conference in the plains of Ono.' The presumptuous proposal addresssd by it to Christianity formulates itself by inevitable inference into the demand that the Christian religion should absolutely abate the excessive haughtiness of her claims; it insists that she should descend forthwith from her self-assertive throne. It requires that she disavow the special and exclusive character of her revelation, and should expurgate from the Volume of her Belief every harsh and unhappy epithet applied to the faith and worship of other creeds. It calls upon her even to carefully expunge every admonitory invitation which calls the nations to the crucified Christ as the only hope and Saviour of the nations.

But far more extensive, far further reaching, than we have indicated are the effects resultant to religion from the position claimed at Chicago. The denial of the Son of God as the sole, the exclusive, the sufficient, and the supreme source of spiritual life is, as He Himself most distinctly reiterated, a denial of the One living and true God. The glory of the Father is bound up in the honor of the Son. The rejection of the One is the repudiation of the Other. The denial of the Prophet of Nazareth as the only Saviour is the blotting out from heart and mind of all trust in Him whom Christians call the only God.

All this is theology of a very elementary character indeed, but it is the folly and depravity of man which demand that the alphabet of belief be perpetually rehearsed.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

Read before Xenia Presbyterial Society April 4th, 1894, by Mrs. D. H. French.

THE answer to the question "Where is our money needed?" would certainly not be complete if it failed to recognize the very important work of the Board of Education, and the increasing need of means to place the educational institutions of our church as nearly on a level with those of the larger denominations, and of the state schools, in their facilities and equipments as they already are in their teaching force.

Perhaps never in all the history of our denomination has the subject of the higher education been so forcibly and so frequently brought before us as in the past year. When we think of the many able articles from the pens of college presidents and professors that have from time to time appeared in our church papers; of the comprehensive tract on "Our Church Education," published by direction of the Gen. Assembly; of the eloquent addresses made before synods and other audiences,—it is no wonder that one feels like quoting from Edward Everett Hale's story of "My Double" his sentence, No. 3. I believe it was: "There has been so much said, and on the whole so well said that I need not occupy the time."

But there is really no danger of our hearing the story too often; there is no

fear that we shall become unduly moved and over-endow—if there be such a word—our struggling colleges and seminaries. The report of the Board of Education to the last General Assembly shows that only $4,817.65 was contributed by the various presbyteries, during the year, for the support of the five colleges and two seminaries under its care. I do not know that any part of this sum has come from our Women's Missionary societies. Our Women's Board has recognized the claim of this branch of the church's work only in one instance; has no column in its statistical tables headed Education. I am glad to know however that this year the thank-offering from many women of our church will show that one part of this grand foundation work has not been forgotten.

The appropriation asked for by the Assembly was $12000—a modest sum as compared with the amount appropriated, and which none of us would want to have in the least diminished—to Foreign and Home missions. And yet is it not true that back of all the mission work of the church must stand the Christian college? Is it not true that from its ranks come these consecrated student volunteers ready to go into foreign lands at the Master's call? Is it not true that the devoted laborers in our Home field have received the training fitting them for their duties in our denominational schools, and that in our congregations, in our Young People's Christian Unions, many of the workers owe much of their efficiency to the culture received in these institutions? If only United Presbyterians—all of them—might be sufficiently aroused to the importance of the Christian education of the young men and young women who are to fill the places of those who shall soon pass away, our colleges and seminaries would soon be liberally endowed, and prepared to do a grander work than ever before for Christ and the church.

Some one may ask the question, "Why should we contribute to the support of denominational colleges when we have the opportunity of educating our children at some one of the various state universities? What does it matter where the learning is obtained, so that it is obtained? If it were merely a question of the culture of the intellect, it might be safely left to these great institutions. But I am sure we all agree that education, in its truest sense, is much more than this. It includes the culture of the moral and spiritual as well as of the intellectual and physical powers; and while in some instances it may seem best, and indeed necessary, to accept the advantage offered in courses of study which are not found in the curriculum of our own colleges, I am sure that loyal United Presbyterians never send their sons and daughters to these schools without regretting the apparent necessity, and wishing that our own colleges were more fully equipped in all departments. I know personally of a number of instances of this kind, and while it is a source of gratification that the state does make such provision for the higher education of her sons, it is a source of regret that our church has hitherto not been able to say, "There is no need that you go outside. Here under our own vine and fig-tree you may be taught. Here you shall have the training you desire for the mind and hand, and more: you shall have Christian fellowship, Christian teachers, a Christian atmosphere. You shall have as your associates young men who are not ashamed of their profession, and who are loyal to their church; teachers whose aim is to develop a true Christian manhood and to fit those under their care for noble and useful lives."

The report of the percentage of students in our United Presbyterian colleges

who are members of the church is in itself an eloquent appeal to the Christian public. In one of these—Muskingum—(last year's report) 97 per cent. were members of the church; 94 per cent. in Monmouth, while a later statement gives the information that 100 per cent. of the freshman class at Monmouth are professing christians. Just think of it: every member of this class, and so large proportion of the others, enrolled under Christ's banner. What may not these hundreds of educated, devoted, loyal United Presbyterians do for our country and the world?

It is not so very long ago—some of the oldest of us may remember—when our first denominational college was founded—Westminster in 1852, and Monmouth soon after in 1856. A brief statement recently published shows how nearly these pioneer institutions have kept step. Westminster has sent out 955 graduates, Monmouth 914. No. of ministers and Theological students from Westminster, 348; from Monmouth, 268. Foreign missionaries, 14 from each. Have not these institutions more than repaid the church for all that has been expended on them! In addition to these we have Muskingum, Tarkio, Cooper Memorial, and Knoxville; and two academies, Waitsburg and Marissa— all doing good work, and all hampered by lack of means.

It is gratifying to note the opening of a new Science Hall at Westminster, with labratories and appliances that were greatly needed. How beautiful a memorial to a beloved daughter! How for years to come—long after the donors have gone to join the loved and lost—it will be doing its beneficent work! We trust that this may be an example and an incentive to others, and that those who have means may use them to so endow our schools that all needed facilities may be enjoyed.

We have spoken only of our colleges, but in addition to these we have our two Theological seminaries—Xenia and Allegheny—where young men are being trained for the ministry.

As we are under the jurisdiction of one of the synods having the former under its care, and as this is the centennial year of that venerated institution, it will not seem strange, or selfish, if from so near a point of view to-day we see Xenia only.

In the near future appropriate anniversary exercises will be observed, and we shall hear something of the history of this grand old school of the prophets,—the oldest on the continent; of its small beginning under its learned devout and humble founder, Dr. Anderson; of its progress under the other venerated professors, who have gone to their reward and whose names are held in grateful remembrance—Drs. Ramsey, Beveridge, Martin, Abraham Anderson, Wilson, Bruce and Clokey; of the ministers and missionaries who have been sent out from it as Ambassadors for Christ. But who shall sum up the grand total?

Not until the great day of accounts shall we understand how great the work accomplished, often under difficulties, through its instrumentality. And just here is one very plain, clear short answer to the question, Where is our money needed? At Xenia Seminary. Needed because the teaching force should be increased; needed that the professors, whose labors are so abundant, may have adequate incomes without its being necessary to call on the church year by year to make up deficiencies; needed that aid may be given to assist those who expect to devote all their talents to the service of the church after completing their studies; needed that the library may be enlarged; needed to make it certain that, for years to come, a Theological school of a high standard may be

maintained, whose teachers never doubt as to whether the whole Bible is inspired, and never bow in humble submission to higher critics or Rationalists, but are themselves thinkers and writers of whom the church is proud, always promoting pure, evangelical religion, and giving no uncertain sound.

To what better use could those to whom God has given the talent of wealth, and who hold to the doctrines taught by the U. P. church, devote their means than in helping to increase the endowment of this institution; to have the happiness of feeling that long after they are called away the income from their gift will be used in a beneficent work, and will go on and on as an agency for blessing and uplifting humanity.

And so we rejoice to-day in believing that this centennial year will be a memorable one, and that not our seminary alone will be benefitted, but that the deeper interest in its work, which all who have aided it must feel, will quicken all their graces, will lead them to more earnest prayer for its prosperity; will turn the thoughts of the youth in our Sabbath-schools, who have had it brought to their attention, and make them feel now noble a calling it is to proclaim the gospel; perhaps awakening the desire in many hearts to belong to the company of those who publish the glad tidings of salvation.

Our denomination has always stood for an educated ministry. While some others have needed to revise and discard their theories on this subject, our church's theory has always been in advance of her means. She has never advocated hasty, superficial preparation for this, so great a work, and for this reason the ministry of the United Presbyterian church have not suffered in comparison with that of any other denomination.

One has said in reference to another subject: "There is too much unripe fruit on the market." May this never be said of any of our educational methods. May they not shorten the course of study; may they not hasten the ripening by any forcing process to which insufficient means often tempt the student, but may the church make it possible and easy for him to give full time to the needed preparation, that he may thus be the better fitted "to give to every man a reason for the hope that is in him", and prove himself a workman needing not to be ashamed.

EXPERIENCES IN REAL LIFE.

Read by Mrs. N. Slaight before the annual meeting of the W. B. M. I., held at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, October, 1883.

THE Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, connected with a wealthy church, in a large city of the interior, had come to an important conclusion, viz: That something must be done at once to draw within its circle the scores of intelligent Christian women who scarcely knew that in their own church such a society lived and did its work.

General appeals and information had failed to reach them, and it was felt that some measures must be taken to stir them up to an interest in this branch of the Lord's work, and to the duty and privilege of a proportionate giving of their means to it.

Said Mrs. A., a woman full of faith and missionary zeal while the subject was under discussion, "We hear of the fifty millions of heathen women assigned to

the women of the churches of our order in the United States, as our share in the the work of bringing the whole world to Christ. But those fifty millions are a long way off, and the awful responsibility is so divided as not to be sharply defined to the individual conscience.

"Let us bring it nearer. Imagine two hundred heathen women stretching out pitifully empty hands to each woman in these churches, whether she accepts it or not.

"Could we each stand face to face with our own group, how the sight would stir our souls!

"Now," said she, "there are two hundred and twenty ladies who are members of this church. These hold, in trust, the 'Bread of Life' for forty-four thousand souls, who are starving in the gloom of heathenism.

"I believe these two hundred and twenty Christian women, or at least many of them, would be glad to engage in this work, could they once be brought to see what a blessed service it is.

"I volunteer to call upon every lady member of this church, not as a solicitor for foreign missions simply, but as a friend come to confer with them about the advancement of our Lord's Kingdom on earth, for which He taught His disciples to work as well as to pray."

What could the society do with so earnest a woman as this, but let her go with blessings upon her devoted head?

She met many encouraging cases of unselfish consecration to the work. Of some of these you will hear, but this paper is mainly a true record of her failures, and the selfish reasons therefor, for in these lies the lesson.

Mrs. A. spent several days in preparation for her ministry, in making her plans, which she laid before the Lord for His approval and blessing, and one lovely June morning she began her work, resolved to do it "heartily as unto the Lord."

Call No. 1 was made on the principle of doing the most difficult duty first. Here was a large and beautifully furnished house, an ample income, and an elegant mistress, whose cool self-possession and entire lack of ardor in any pursuit made her the dread of all Christian solicitors. One could not imagine her as ever being stirred to more than a well-bred, frigid, self-centered interest, even in Christian work.

After greetings exchanged, Mrs. A., in a few fervent words, stated the object of the present call and appealed to her, in the name of their common Master, to put her hands to the work of foreign missions.

The lady listened in cold silence then, with an air of decision from which there could be no decent appeal, said:

"I had supposed my views on the snbject of foreign missions were well understood. I settled that question for myself years ago. I do not believe in sending money out of the country when there is so much ignorance and misery at home—at our own very doors. We need it all ourselves. Charity begins at home, and we should do our nearest duty first. The true way to Christianize the world is to Christianize America first, and in doing this we shall find our time and means fully employed. My interest and help will be given to the home work in our own city and state."

"But," argued Mrs. A., "can we, who profess to abide in the near presence of our Lord, venture to say of one part of His work, 'It is foreign, and therefore no concern of mine,'—and of another part, 'This is home work—this I will do!'

"When we are at home in Christ, is it not all home work because it is all His, and a part of the inheritance He left to each one of His disciples? And is the unwilling disciple's rejection of the claim a valid release from the command—"Go

ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature?' "

No. 1 looked on the earnest little woman with a superior, pitying smile, as on one who raved in a strange, wild dream, and rising closed the interview.

Some months later Mrs. A. was asked to solicit aid for the Home Missionary work just undertaken in the same church.

Remembering this lady's avowal of deep interest in home work, she called upon her again, confident of securing a generous donation and her name for membership. The latter was refused for the present, because, "for several months to come, she would be too much occupied to assume any new duties." As for a contribution she would give what she had to spare now, if she might be excused from the room a few moments. Upon her return she placed in Mrs. A's hands a small parcel, which was found to contain two small pairs of half-worn cotton stockings!

What close and vital relations old clothes *do* bear to mission work in some minds!

No. 2 was the refined mistress of an elegant home. She had heard of Mrs. A.'s mission and met her this morning with a shade less of cordiality than was her wont. She said she thought it "a dreadful waste of money and life to attempt the elevation and conversion of heathen people," which results she believed "to be impossible." She thought "God must have meant them to remain as they are, else why did He place them in such a condition?" She had "no sympathy with the movement," although she "respected the motive and hoped the church would succeed in raising the necessary amount."

She "seldom gave money to such objects, indeed could not afford it, but because Mrs. A. had asked her, whom she didn't like to refuse, she would give a little this time."

Two sweet little girls, clad in bright, shimmering silks, had been listening eagerly to this conversation, and as Mrs. A. glanced at them, and at the rare and costly bric-a-brac scattered all around in such profusion about the beautiful rooms, she exclaimed, "Are you sure you can afford *not* to give liberally in aid of this work? Think for a moment how bountifully we receive all the blessings which sweeten and beautify our lives, and how destitute and hopeless those other poor women are, unless we send them the true light. And remember what our Lord said: "Inasmuch as ye have *not* done it unto *one of the least of these*, ye have not done it unto *Me*."

"O, well," said she, "I do not feel about that as you do," and with a murmur to the effect that she believed her husband contributed to some missionary enterprise, she gave one dollar.

No. 3 was a personal friend of Mrs. A., a rich woman, whose plumes nodded and whose satins rustled every Sabbath day in a pew adjoining her own, an active, bustling woman, with a genius for "managing."

From her luxurious home the "Angel of Death" had but recently borne her eldest daughter, whose painful death, by a suffocating hemorrhage of the lungs, the mother had long feared as inevitable. This, too, had been the daughter's only dread for months.

But God had been far better to them than their fears. It was a blessed Christian release, so quiet and peaceful that "They thought her dying when she slept, and sleeping when she died."

The mother's natural grief was swallowed up in the thankfulness of assured victory. No thoughts of agony marred her tender memories of the maiden's beautiful life and peaceful death.

Mrs. A. spoke of the Chinese mothers whose little ones' bodies after death are flung out to the dogs, or collected as so

much refuse by unfeeling men; of how the mother draws a knife across the threshold when the deserted body is cast out, to sever the last tie which bound the little disappointing life to its earthly home, that no lingering memories of it may render more sad her own daily heritage of woe.

How different the comforting, flowery burial of her own child, amid prayers and psalms of faith and hope! She suggested to this Christian mother, glad in the midst of her grief, that a liberal thank-offering might suitably express her gratitude to God, and send the light of the gospel to those poor Chinese mothers and daughters.

The mother had listened in deep emotion. Said she, "I will be glad to do so. I have been thinking of it ever since I knew you were coming. I know very little about foreign mission work—I cannot get interested in it, though I am sure it is the Lord's work. I give five dollars a year to it and will give five more as my thank-offering.

"That is all I ought to give for foreign missions this year, for you know I give a great deal for my own church and poor."

Did she mean this small offering as the full measure of her gratitude that her child had so painlessly put on immortality? Or was her outlook from a very low stand-point?

No. 4 was the trying, shallow woman, whom one is always surprised to find numbered among the disciples. She acquiesced in all of Mrs. A's remarks with a smile, and thought "the poor heathen were greatly to be pitied and perhaps something ought to be done for them." Then she deftly and persistently turned the conversation to other subjects, her difficulties with servants, or the last novel or concert.

Rising to go, Mrs. A. made another request for a pledge to the cause so gaily set aside. "I must consult with my husband about that," was the reply. "What did you say the money is for? Why! it is not more than three months since I gave a dollar to somebody for——something or other like that." Mrs. A. pleasantly suggested that she should become a member of the society and so acquire a knowledge of its objects and work.

"I am," said she with a light laugh, "but I never go to the meetings. Isn't it funny for me to belong to a missionary society? What do you do there? Arn't the meetings awfully dull? I think missionary magazines are perfectly horrid! I never read them."

One of Mrs. Holmes' novels lay beside her on the table open, face downward.

No. 5 said: "I know that we are commanded to give of our abundance to feed and clothe the poor, and to send the gospel to them too, if they want it. But the heathen neither want it nor thank us for it. I have heard that they even hate the missionaries and teachers sent to them, and that these endure all manner of privations and do not live long in these trying climotes. Since they are satisfied with their religion I believe they had better be let alone.

"The only true way to convert them would be to allow some of each nation to come here and be educated, learn our ways. and then go back to their own people as missionaries and teachers, thus showing them that they must depend on themselves."

No. 6 was a lady of culture, fine social position and many quiet charities, who gave Mrs. A. not only a warm welcome, but pledged a sum so unexpectedly large as to surprise that lady greatly.

With a happy face she gave this explanation of her new departure: "I have been a Christian for many years, and I believe I may say, a growing one. But within the last three years I have been led to see, as I never did before, that

true Christian life must grow away from itself and its own personal interests. It must be one of accepted obligations to others as well as of advancing standards of action. But somehow I never felt the least interest in foreign missions, (though I have long been a moderate contributor to it), until a little while ago, when my eyes were suddenly opened. I am amazed at my former indifference. I see that here is the work I have so often asked the Master for, and I accept it. I devote myself to it with profound gratitude that He allows even me to put my hands to this blessed service for Him. Henceforth please count on me for money and labor to the full extent of my ability."

With this sweet encouragement, Mrs. A. went on to

No. 7 who "knew nothing whatever of foreign missions and felt no interest in the subject. Never gave money to an object of which she knew nothing. Declined a subscription to the missionary publication, as she had no time to read. Was wealthy and childless, kept five servants, and did all kinds of fancy work beautifully.

Another lady said she made it "a principle to refuse all appeals for money. The calls for charity were almost incessant, and one found it impossible to discriminate. It was safer to refuse all alike."

And so they, "with one consent, began to make excuse" and went their selfish ways, and the Lord was denied and wounded, again and again, "in the house of his friends."

These are all actual experiences, not fancy pictures.

Do we not know how like a deadly blight "the lust of the eyes and the pride of life" wither the fragrant, tender blossoms of Christian pity in the hearts of selfish, worldly women?

But there were bright contrasts to these pictures.

Some poor women, whose shining needles alone kept them from want, responded joyfully, offering their loving gifts, for Christ's sake, for the far off sisters poorer than themselves.

One such, an aged woman, over whom blindness was impending from cataracts on both eyes, had, so long as she was able to work, been a household servant. She owned a tiny, four-roomed house, and by renting two rooms, and by the occasional bounty of her church, eked out a scanty living. She gave one dollar, and would listen to no refusal of her gift, however tender.

Another had nursed an invalid for three months, and, by the closest economy, had saved $25 for foreign missions, which she offered to the Lord as her sacrifice of thanksgiving.

An aged couple, who had given two children to the work in a foreign field, added to that precious gift $250 in one year as their thank-offering, and trusted their future to their covenant-keeping God!

Still another, a loyal Christian whose heart the Lord had touched, had estimated the amount of her yearly expenses, and received from her husband an allowance therefor, payable at the beginning of each month. Of this she religiously set apart one-fifth for the Master's work in other lands, and found exceeding joy in the self-denials thus imposed upon her, and of which He alone knew the secret.

All these had found that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Near the close of her work Mrs. A. received a note from a young lady requesting her to call. From this home the mother, a lovely, quiet Christian, had just gone to her reward. The daughter gave into Mrs. A's hand a sealed envelope bearing the endorsement: "Foreign Missions,—for June, $10." With

it she gave this explanation: "It is my dear mother's monthly offering, prepared and sealed this way, at the beginning of each month, for the meeting on the third Friday afternoon.' She told me, the night before she died, to send this for her and henceforth to stand in her place, that the cause so dear to her might not suffer loss by her death. I have sometimes seen her, when she thought herself unobserved, softly lay a kiss upon such an envelope as she laid it away, with a tender, loving look upon her face. It was her seal of consecration, I think."

Dear sisters, we have the most sublime faith, the purest hope, the firmest anchorage, the highest aims, and the loftiest example!

What shall we render unto the Lord as the gauge of our gratitude for all these blessings? What are they worth to us as we estimate values?

What is His constraining love worth to us?

What the indwelling Spirit's gracious influences—softening, refining, guiding, purifying us?

What is it worth to us that our spiritual growth is limited only by our desires and efforts?

What is it worth to us that we are the honored equals and companions of our husbands, not their crying slaves or degraded toys, wearying our hearts with our miserable petitions to dumb idols, to be born again as men, and so set in the only way to win even a dreary, heathen heaven?

What is it worth to us that our sweet daughters are welcomed to such tender parental love and Christian training? That they may grow beside us in our homes to a gracious and honored womanhood with the whole wide, eternal kingdom of God—on earth and in heaven—open before them, instead of being strangled at birth, or, if allowed to live, entering upon the dreadful heritage of heathen women?

We talk of "natural affection"; for even that we are indebted to the gospel of Christ!

What is it worth to us that we may give our little ones back to our God, with tears indeed, but with a grief which has in it no single element of despair? They are ours still. We gather the dainty belongings of such promoted little ones out of the hurly-burly of daily life; but we never sever the tie which binds them to our hearts and homes.

We cherish that. It draws us nearer the blessed Saviour who so loved the little children that He found time, in His busy earthly life, to lift them in His arms and bless them—even setting one such "in the midst of them" as an example. What is this faith, which includes our children, worth to us?

What is it worth to us that our lives may be redeemed from aimlessness, frivolity and sin; that they are ennobled and made radiant by the hope—nay, the *certainty*—of immortality?

What is it worth to us that the dear Master accepts and honors our love for Him, and crowns our womanhood by putting into our hands this work? that he makes us co-workers with Himself? What is such Divine companionship worth to us?

Can we suitably acknowledge our indebtedness, in that crucified and crowned presence, by offering anything less than our very utmost, be it one dollar or ten thousand?

In that Presence can we each say with open, unshamed face, as the results of this year's work are summed up, "Lord, thou knowest I have given to Thee all that I could! Thou didst, while on earth, greatly and miraculously increase a scanty store until more was left 'over and above' the need than was consumed. Now do so here."

Would we, in that dear Presence, plead that our diamonds, or our wardrobes, or our house-furnishings, or our summer travels, have cost so much that we have nothing left for Him?

Could we tell Him that we do not believe in foreign mission work; that somehow we are not interested in it, or, that we prefer to it the Home work?

When the world and its attractions fall away from us—as they will by and by—and we stand face to face with our spent lives as they are weighed in the just balance of Christ, our Lord, we shall find those lives judged, strange paradox! —"by *loss* instead of gain; not by the wine *drunk*, but by the wine *poured out*."

MRS. STANTON'S THANK-OFFERING.

It was a thank-offering meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of one of our city churches. A pile of envelopes lay before the secretary, the contents of which she read aloud, one by one. They ran something like this:

"For recovery from sevree illness, $5."

"For the granting of the dearest wish of my heart, $10."

"For preservation from harm in the great railway accident, when so many were killed and injured, $10."

Mrs. Stanton sat listening to the reading, and blushed a little when her own envelope was opened and the Secretary took out two dollars enclosed in a blank sheet.

Mrs. Stanton's life had been very uneventful the last year. She and her husband and two children had been fairly well; by close economy they had enough to eat and drink and dress respectably, though this last had not been accomplished without much thought and care on her part and various pinches known only to herself.

Self-denial had seemed to be the key-note of her life the year past; her sky had been rather gray than sunny. Not that she made any moan over self-denials. It was all done cheerfully, and no one was the wiser for it but herself. Still she had wondered just a little for what special reason she could bring her small gift. She could hardly help contrasting her condition now with the luxury by which she had been surrounded a few years ago, before her husband had lost all his property in an unfortunate speculation. She wondered if the conditions would be fulfilled if she should bring her offering out of a general feeling of gratitude that things were no worse with them than they were.

Both she and her husband were systematic givers out of their penury, as they had once been out of their abundance, so this extra gift, small as it was, was the price of a large self-denial. It would represent her shabby bonnet worn through another winter, without the re-furnishings she hoped to give it, when it had seemed almost too bad to last out the previous season. Still she was warmly interested in mission work, and gave it gladly, only wishing it was more.

Soon her attention was arrested by the reading of this: "For the many pleasant little things that have fallen to my share this year, $2."

Mrs. Stanton went thoughtfully home, the words, "For the pleasant little things," ringing in her ears. She wondered if she had always taken note of her own pleasant small things as they came to her. She feared not. Looking back in the light of this thought, she could recall numberless little acts of kindness from others to herself that had sweetened her life, and for which, though

she had been grateful to the giver, she scarcely remembered to have raised her heart to heaven in gratitude.

"Aunt Elly sent mamma a big box of roses today—so many she can't use them all—and will you please take these?" said the little messenger.

Mrs. Stanton loved beautiful things and often had to take herself to task for her vain longings for them. But now there was a feeling almost of awe mingled with a pleasure as she remembered again the "little things," and how soon her thoughts had been responded to. She finished her preparations for supper with a light step and paused often to look at the flowers and inhale their fragrance as she passed. They brought a glow to her heart that was reflected in her face, and which her husband and children caught as they sat down to supper.

Before she went to bed that night, she inscribed an envelope: "Thank-offering for Pleasant Little Things," and dropped five cents in it for the handful of roses.

One afternoon Helen Brown, a member of her Sabbath-school class, came in. She seemed depressed and anxious. After a little common-place talk, her teacher said: "What is it, Helen? Does something trouble you? Can't I help you?"

"O, Mrs. Stanton, I want to be a Christian! I am so unhappy! Will you tell me what to do?"

The sacred hour that followed neither of them will ever forget. When Helen left it was with a new light in her eyes, a new love in her heart, a new purpose in her living. Her feet were set in the way of everlasting life.

"O," exclaimed Mrs. Stanton to herself that night, "this is not one of the 'little things!' For this great privilege—the great honor—of leading a soul to Christ, all that I have in the world would be a small thank-offering. What can I render to the Lord for His goodness to me? A fresh and whole consecration to His service is the least I can offer."

But into the envelope went the largest contribution yet.

As time went on life had a new sweetness and a new meaning for Mrs. Stanton. Her days seemed to be full of pleasant things, her heart was attuned to thanksgiving, and out of the abundance of her heart her mouth spoke. Her envelope grew full almost to bursting; and yet there was no lack of earthly comforts. She sometimes felt as if the miracle of the widow's cruse of oil and measure of meal was repeated in her, for the more she put away in the sacred envelope, the more she had to put there; and when the next thank-offering came around, it was no vain oblation that she carried to the place of meeting, but her little gift—small yet in comparison to some of the others—was sweetened through and through with gratitude and love.—*Times of Refreshing.*

Missionary Correspondence.

LETTER FROM EGYPT.

AMERICAN MISSION, ASSIOUT,

PERHAPS you have forgotten what I said I would do when my "turn to write" came again, but I have not. I am now seated to begin the promised "week's diary." This is my birthday, and perhaps if I make a beginning at necessary duties today, it may promise well for my work this year.

When I came out to prayers this morning I found that I had been remembered by loving friends. Such remem-

brances are appreciated even more than in the home land where we have so many other diversions. I made a short call on Mrs. Alexander before beginning my work in school. Her wee baby did not get along very well for awhile, but is a little better again.

My first class is the "seventh year class," in English composition. It is at present composed of seven boys. There were nine at the beginning of the term, but the other two were sent out to teach last week. Our lesson today was composing sentences in which the subjects and objects are enlarged, and the predicates extended by simple words. They frequently make peculiar sentences, but that is not to be wondered at when the construction of the English is so different from that of the Arabic. In the midst of this recitation, two lady travelers came in for a short time, on their way up the Nile. They visited the Sabbath-school and expressed a desire to see the schools on their return trip, if they should be here on a week-day. They spent more than two hours visiting the two schools, and seemed very much interested in everything, and on leaving gave a contribution to purchase books for the library.

My other class is the "sixth year class," composed of nine boys. They study English grammar. We are now at the preposition. I think there is a good deal of truth in the remark that the correct use of prepositions is the most difficult part of a language. After finishing these two recitations, I went across to the girls' school where I have a reading class. There are several pupils in this class. The girls do not take as much interest in the study of English as the boys, still they do very well. Soon after I finished teaching we had dinner. It is not warm enough yet to make me lose my appetite, so I am ready to enjoy dinner when it comes. The hot weather will soon be here. When it comes, it is often difficult to get food appetizing enough to tempt the appetite.

This evening after supper and prayers I corrected sixteen compositions, wrote a letter to my brother in India, and have spent the remainder of the evening at this letter. It is now 10:30 o'clock.

Tuesday evening.—I have just finished looking over the home papers, which came a few minutes ago. Foreign mail evenings are looked forward to with pleasure. We enjoy the home mail whether letters or papers. My work today has been much the same as yesterday. I felt too tired this afternoon to do some sewing I had promised to do. It is slow work with only a part of three or four afternoons a week to spend at it. If we only had some one to plan and do our sewing, what a help it would be. There are very few good dressmakers in the country, and these are expensive.

Wednesday.—Prayer meeting is just over. Dr. Henry led the meeting tonight. Our subject was, "How are we made partakers of the redemption purchased by Christ." We are taking the questions of the Shorter Catechism in order, and are using Fisher's Catechism as a guide.

I had a short call from Mrs. Hogg this afternoon. Though we live but a short distance apart, we seldom take time to call on each other. The days seem almost too short for our regular work without making calls. Our home letters came this evening. I have my sister with me this year to help enjoy them. You all know how much better anything is when shared with others.

Thursday night.—It is almost ten o'clock. I had some other work to do, and waited to finish it before beginning my writing. Received a letter this evening from my brother in India. He seems to be much better. They have been in a

tent since holidays.

I wonder if you would not like to know what we had to eat to-day. I have not yet learned to like Egyptian food, so I do not often have our cooking done in native style. If you were to take a meal with us, you might almost imagine you were in America. For breakfast this morning we had eggs, bread, butter and jam; for dinner, soup, chicken-dumplings, potatoes, pudding and fruit; for supper, peas, cheese and stewed fruit, with the necessary accompaniments. Now I am sleepy and will say, good-night.

Friday.—I have my classes write short compositions for Friday's lesson. The "seventh class" wrote on "Books" to-day, and the sixth class wrote letters. If space permitted, I would send one or two along with this. A person finds how irregular the English language is when he tries to teach it to foreigners. On Friday evenings the children of the missionaries, and a few other children, entertain the older people with music, recitations and readings. Several of our Egyptian friends sometimes attend the meetings. They are pleasant meetings, and I am sure are profitable to the children.

Saturday is a day of all work with us. The change of work is restful, even when I work hard enough to make me very tired. Most of the time to-day was taken up in doing numberless "little things" that never make much show.

After supper we went over to Mr. Alexander's to meet Mr. Reed, of Pittsburgh. We do not see many travelers who belong to our church, and we appreciate them very much when they do come. A Mr. Weber was with him. He knew a good many people we used to know on Observatory Hill, Allegheny, so, although we had never met him before, it seemed like meeting an old friend. I had my home letter to finish after coming back before I began this. It is not yet twelve o'clock, but it is time for me to be thinking of going to dream-land. Goodnight to all.

Sincerely yours,

FRANC MARTIN GIFFEN.

FOREIGN NEWS BUDGET.

MARY B. REID.

The Egyptian part of our Budget consists mostly of a long letter from our dear Miss McKown, who will be nearing the shores of the home land by the time the June MAGAZINE comes out. Miss McKown has spent 33 years in Egypt, and the good work she has done in behalf of the benighted women only eternity can reveal. Were it not for blindness and dullness of hearing she would be able to work on successfully for a number of years yet. She writes a glowing account of the marriage of Miss Jessie Harvey and Rev. George L. Robinson, and of Dr. and Mrs. Watson's kindly remembrance of the humblest members of the mission church at Cairo, but *fails to describe the bride's dress* etc. We, with many others, wish the bride a very happy future.

Prince Victor, eldest son of the late Maharajah and Maharanee Dhuleep Singh, has been visiting Egypt. He made several calls upon the missionaries. Miss McKown says: "He seemed very glad to meet those who knew his mother. He told us much of his father's trials, temptations and afflictions, and believes as we the missionaries do, that his father died a Christian." Of her own plans Miss McKown writes:

I am expecting to leave Egypt on the 3rd of May, and, D. V., will arrive at New York about the end of the month or the first of June. I expect to

the company and kindly aid of Rev. Dr. Jessup, his wife and two daughters, of the Presbyterian Mission at Beirut, Syria, and our own Miss Strang. I am still in Cairo, and loving hearts and skillful hands are doing what they can to make me comfortable and genteel for the long journey. I have yet to go back to Assiout, dispose of my furniture, do my packing and say farewell. I had hoped to spend all my life in Egypt, and then be laid to rest in the pure white sand of the cemetery in the desert, among those for whose sake I left my native land. But the Lord has not so willed. I will try to trust to his loving care as he leads me back to the home land.

Mrs. James Barr has gathered the following brief letters. Miss Parks says:

Again has our little circle of new missionaries suffered a loss; again has one been called to lay down her work, and the last farewells have been spoken. Though it is only for 'a little while,' yet there is sadness in the parting. Our dear Mrs. Porter has gone on before us to the glorious home. We sorrow only because we are left behind.

'Heaven is nearer and Christ is dearer
Than yesterday to me.'

Our Pasrur home has again suffered a loss by ill health. My dear companion, Miss Young, has been compelled to return home, and I only am left of the original home circle of a year ago. To be sure I am not alone, for Mr. and Mrs. Lytle and Gracie have come, and I have a cheery home with them. Though new friends take the place of old ones, is it not true after all that they make new places for themselves, and that the vacancies made by departed ones still remain? I quite agree with the old couplet though that

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.'

A letter to-day from Miss Young, dated Calcutta, March 2nd, told that Dr. White and herself were being kindly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. J. Campbell White, our United Presbyterian friends who are in the Y. M. C. A. work there. Of them she says:

We are having a very pleasant time with our new friends, who seem to be adapting themselves to new customs and ways. Both are much interested in their work, which is as yet among the English, but they are anxious to begin work among the natives. We sail at sunrise to-morrow morning.

The Royal Opium Commission has come to India and gone. A more conflicting array of "facts" have seldom been brought together, but it is notable that those who see no harm, but untold benefits, from the use of the drug, are, as a class, English officials and their nations' satellites; while on the other side those who have only unqualified condemnation for its use are native philanthropists or missionaries. The India Spectator says of the pro opium evidence: "The evidence harps on the well thumped tune, 'the moderate use of the drug does no harm' and *'the Government can't afford to do without the revenue.'*" When will the world learn that it is righteousness only that can build up a nation? Whatever may be the finding of the Commission in the case, good will finally come of it. "Agitate, educate, organize" are the watchwords of the W. C. T. U. They may be well applied in this matter. The end is not yet.

A letter from Miss Mary Logan tells how glad she is to be able to use her voice again, after being speechless for two months. Not yet being able either to go out in camp or work in the city, she is learning the lesson of patience. She says:

As I have nothing in the work line to report, I will tell you of an amusing, as well as a pitiful, scene I saw on the street the other day. A child bride was being taken to her father-in-law's house. According to the custom of the country she was seated on a bedstead, hidden from view by a covering of light cloth. Four men were carrying her, and in the meantime she was screaming at the top of her voice. Not a very happy bridal scene was it.

Miss Lawrence says:

I have now been here three months, and begin to feel quite at home. I am taking my turn at housekeeping this month. With a little Urdu, plenty of English, many signs and gestures, I get on pretty well. It seems very odd to me how these people can understand that which sounds so strange to my ears. I was in the girls' school to-day. One girl said to another, "Sit over, you are in my place." I was quite delighted to be able to understand that much. When I see how much there is to do here, how hard the missionaries all have to work to keep the vacant places from going backward, I feel so badly that I cannot do more at once.

Mrs. Holliday writes from Camp Tarah Gahr:

We are in a region where there are no professing Christians; have been here five days. The people listen very well. Mr. Holliday and his helpers visit four or five villages a day. We are encamped between two villages. In one the people are mostly Hindus, in the other Mohammedans and low caste. The low caste women come to our tent every day and hear very gladly. One day I heard this conversation outside: A Mohammedan woman said to a sweeper (or low caste) "You go away. You stay here so much we can't ever get to see the Mem Sahiba, and there comes more high caste Hindus. You stand back and let them come near." The sweeper women however seemed to feel that this was one time that they had a right to stay if they wished. Consequently the Brahmans had to wait. We leave to-morrow for Gurdaspur.

The hot weather is approaching, when the campers must return to the city stations or seek rest in the hills, especially the mothers and little children. We will not hear from them again until August. In the meantime those who remain on the plains will have more and heavier burdens to bear than ever before, and they will need our prayers that God may strengthen them, both spiritually and physically, in all they have to do.

Young People's Department.

WHITE HARVEST FIELDS.

MARY J. STEVENSON.

III. THIBET, CHINA AND JAPAN.

THIBET.

Tell us something of Thibet.

Thibet lies north of India and west of China, among the lofty mountain valleys of the Himalayas. It covers an area about ten times as large as England and Scotland together. The climate is very cold, but dry and healthy. The language is not nearly so difficult to acquire as the Chinese or Arabic. Thibet may be said to be the only country in the world where the missionary of the cross is denied an entrance.

Have any missionaries tried to enter?

For nearly forty years the Moravians have been seeking to gain admission on the southwestern boundary. Here, eleven hundred feet above the level of the sea, away up among the head waters of the Indus and Ganges, they have thrown out a beacon light, and while they have waited they have translated the whole of the New Testament and some books of the Old Testament into the Thibetan tongue. A Thibetan grammar and dictionary are also in readiness.

Have they gained any converts?

About sixty-three.

Have any other missionaries attempted to enter Thibet?

Miss Annie Taylor went to the China Inland Mission in 1884 and worked for a time near the Thibetan frontier. She learned the language and, in 1892, entering from China, made the hazardous attempt to carry the gospel into the heart of the country. When within three days of Lhasa, the capital, she was arrested and compelled to return.

Has this attempt then been abandoned?

No. The result has been the organization of the Thibet Pioneer Mission. It will work largely on the principle of the China Inland Mission, and another effort to penetrate the country will soon be made. *

CHINA.

How old a nation is China?

Its history dates back more than 4,000 years. If you were to write the history of China you would have to take the tenth chapter of Genesis for the first chapter in your history. China had her works of engineering 250 years before the call of Abraham, and was an ancient nation when Nebuchadnezar was building the walls of his proud Babylon.

What is the size of China?

It contains an area of more than five and a quarter million square miles. It forms one-third of the entire continent of Asia, and next to Russia is the largest empire that ever existed.

Tell something of her resources?

The greatest mineral and metallic wealth of the globe is stored up in her territory and is practically untouched. Gold and silver are abundant, and there is perhaps coal enough in China to supply the world for the next twenty centuries.

What is the population of China?

China contains 350,000,000 souls, or one fourth of the human race.

Tell something of the religions of China?

There are three systems of belief Taoism, Buddhism and Confucianism. Taoism dates back to the sixth century before Christ. Buddhism was introduced from India in the first century A. D.

* NOTE.—On Feb. 8th a trade convention was signed, by which British subjects will be allowed to settle at Yatung, on the Thibetan side of the frontier, after May 1st.—ED.

Confucianism is the state religion of the empire. It takes its name from Confucius, but it dates away back to the early dawn of Chinese history. The vast majority of the people are Confucianists. They worship heaven, earth, sun, moon, stars, wind, lightning, rivers, mountains, &c.

Mention some other form of idolatry in China?

Perhaps the greatest obstacle that missionaries meet in China is Ancestral worship. This form of worship is as old as the empire itself, having been instituted in the days of the Emperor Shun, 2255 B. C.

What do you mean by Ancestral worship?

When a father dies his son erects a tablet consisting of two thin pieces of wood closely fitted together, about twelve inches high and three inches wide, and having inscriptions both inside and outside, and places the tablet in his home. In this tablet he believes that the spirit of his father lives and has power either to bless him or to do him harm. It is estimated that it costs the people of China $150,000,000 per annum to provide the offerings and sacrifices that are presented to these Ancestral gods.

Are there many missionaries in China?

In the eighteen provinces there are 1269 missionaries of all denominations. This includes 391 wives of missionaries.

Can you tell anything of the China Inland Mission?

The China Inland Mission was inaugurated by Hudson Taylor 29 years ago. He sailed from England with 15 missionaries, and now more than six hundred are working under his superintendence. This mission relies simply on voluntary contributions sent by God in answer to prayer.

Are there many converts in China?

Morrison baptized the first convert in 1814. Thirty years ago there were scarce 1000 communicants. Now there are 50,000. China is to-day the great mission field of the world, and is perhaps the most accessible of all heathen nations. Yet from China alone there are passing out into the great hereafter a million souls every month who have never heard of a Saviour.

JAPAN.

Is Japan an old Empire?

Its story begins about 660 B. C.

Can you tell something of the area and population of Japan?

The population numbers 40,000,000. The area is as large as Great Britain and Ireland.

What is the character of the people?

The Japanese are industrious and quick witted, and many of them are even men of culture. Their women do not totter on tortured feet, and are not shut up in zenanas, but freely mingle in social life.

What is the religion of Japan?

Buddhism and Shintoism.

Is Japan open to the missionary?

Yes. We have read how Commodore Perry and his gunboats opened the ports in 1853. The eighth article of the constitution adopted in 1889 guarantees religious liberty.

Has Christianity made much progress?

There are about 40,000 Protestant Christians in Japan. The Presbyterian churches have all united to form the "Christian Church of Japan" with a membership of over 13,000. Yet even the *priests* of Buddha outnumber all the Christians.

Do these priests greatly oppose Christianity?

Yes. They are very cunning in their opposition, and are adopting Christian methods in their work. They have even organized "Young Men's Buddhist Associations" and „Young People's Society of Buddhist Endeavor."

The 80,000,000 gods of "The Flowery

Kingdom" are not going to receive their death blow in a day.

"Is it nothing to you, little friends
That millions of beings to-day
In the heathen darkness of China
Are rapidly passing away

They have never heard the story
Of the Loving Lord who saves,
And fourteen hundred every hour
Sink into Christless graves.

"Is it nothing to you, dear children,
That in India's far away land,
There are thousands of people pleading
For the touch of a Savior's hand?

"Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,
That Africa walks in night;
That Christians at home deny them
The blessed gospel light?"

The Annual Meeting.

A journey across a beautiful country, in charming weather in the sweet month of May, is a pleasant affair under most ordinary circumstances, but when the W. G. M. S. is to be at the end of the journey, and it is accomplished in company with twenty or thirty of the bright, happy women of our church, it can be made delightful, as it was in the case of at least one company of delegates to the late convention of May 8–10.

Princeton, Ind., is a beautiful town of about 5,000 inhabitants; and it welcomed and entertained the guests right royally. Some hours before the end of onr journey we were met by a committee of young men, who assigned us our homes for the next few days, looked after our baggage, and patiently answered *all* our questions in the kindest manner. Another committee met us at the train with conveyances to take us to the hospitable homes, not only of our own church members, but to those of sister churches, where we were welcomed and cared for as old friends. Everything that could be thought of was done by old and young to make the coming and stay of the guests a constant pleasure.

Was it any wonder that we did not like to come away from Princeton? But we did not wish to wear out our welcome, as some began to fear we might be obliged to do. For the by-laws require that the place of next meeting shall be fixed before the close of the session, and no invitation had been brought from any Presbyterial society for a convention next year! The responsibility of allowing the W. G. M. S. to dissolve into thin air after the labor and progress of the last decade was an alternative hard to assume. The feeling of relief then to the delegates can be imagined when, a few hours before adjournment, a telegraphic invitation came all the way from Jersey City, and it was promptly accepted.

In the meantime, however, business had been transacted (for official report see minutes), interspersed with most delightful music. Had there been no other attraction some of us would have gone a long distance for the sake of the music alone. And the business was transacted in a business like, womanly manner. It is scarcely necessary to say at this stage of woman's work that the two are not incompatible. Women can be trusted to attend to the church's work in its various forms, and if they sometimes err in judgment, this fact only goes to show how human they are—how like their brethren; and for their implicit trust in railway companies, for their willingness to pay bills when presented, and to restore property innocently, though may be not quite lawfully, in their possession, their equals can scarcely be found among the brethren.

Impressive Thank-offering services were held Wednesday evening, the offer-

ing amounting to nearly $16,900, a glad surprise to many as it had been feared that there would be a falling off this year owing to the stringency in money matters.

And what can be said of the children, and the charming entertainment furnished by them and by those who taught and drilled and inspired them to give us, on the last evening of our stay with them, a most graphic and touching illustration of those who are yet without the gospel and are stretching out their hands to America to "come over and help us?"

It will be a long, long day 'ere we forget the convention at Princeton. May its influences be the means of advancing God's cause and saving souls!

E. F. STEWART,
Bellevue, Pa.

IMPRESSIONS OF CONVENTION.

The convention has ended, but its blessed memories cling to us as, with almost lightning rapidity, we are borne homeward to the loved ones who are anxiously awaiting our return that they may imbibe some of the spiritual enthusiasm that has pulsated through our being, causing our hearts to throb with a more intense love for our Master; and they will cling to us through the days and months of the coming year. The sweet incense that has ascended to the throne of God shall make fragrant our lives as we again take up their threads and resume our housekeeping and homemaking.

It has been an inspiration to touch elbows with the noble women who are devoting time, talents, even life itself, to the advancement of the kingdom of God. Our souls have been stirred within us as sisters from North, South, East and West, associated in the one great absorbing endeavor to bring all men of every nation, color and caste to the feet of King Jesus, have clasped hands in fraternal greeting. Our sympathies have been awakened as the great problems of the day were clearly and forcibly presented and their possible solution indicated, and we have come away better prepared to serve more intelligently in the grand army of consecrated Christian workers who are battling for an open Bible, a holy Sabbath, a purer literature, and freedom from the blighting influence of King Alcohol.

As we listened to the masterly reports and the able discussions thereof, and noted the attention given to the minutest detail, nothing seemingly overlooked, we were confirmed in our opinion as to the capability of women to carry forward, with energy and system, this the greatest work in the world. We were delighted to learn of the splendid success which has attended the work of the physicians in our Children's Memorial Hospital, and of the great interest manifested in our Orphanage and Aged People's Home. Surely the blessing of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," will rest on the effort put forth in this work.

We realize as never before the need of a larger United Presbyterian literature, and the importance of increasing the circulation of our great educator in missions, our WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE, which should be, not only a welcome guest, but a beloved member of every household in our church.

Full of the many good things we have seen and heard, we long to share the rich spiritual banquet with the many who were deprived of the great treat; to have our hearts so aflame that our faces may shine with the inner glory that others may catch the reflection and go on shining for Jesus.

"This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee!
More love to thee."

Precious and delightful as was every

feature of the meeting, we must make special mention of the Junior exercise at the closing session. It was fitting that at the close of a meeting of such earnest endeavor the family of workers should be completed, and the boys and girls, even the babies, should unite their hearts and voices with those of mothers and sisters, fathers and brothers, in the great missionary cry:

Weary and famishing, far away
Thousands and thousands there are to-day
Hungering not for earthly bread,
For 'tis not thus that our souls are fed;
'Tis "Oh for the bread of life!" they cry;
"Come over and help us, ere we die."

MRS. J. N. KNIPE,
Philadelphia, Pa.

The closing day of the W. G. M. S. began with devotional exercises, conducted by Mrs. H. C. Jackson, of College Springs Presbytery; subject, "A Servant of the Church." The secretary of Church Extension reported that there has never been such need before. Last year there were four applications to this Board for help, but this year there have been thirteen.

The Parsonage fund is a circulating fund, being loaned as it comes in at two per cent per annum, so that this fund, while carrying on the work for which it is intended, is gradually growing.

Mrs. Hutchison gave a very interesting report of the MAGAZINE work. This MAGAZINE is an important agency in our women's work. It directs attention to questions of practical importance. To-day it comes before the W. G. M. S. for the seventh time. A most valuable prestige of a MAGAZINE is the prestige of time, something which cannot be manufactured nor purchased. In the prosecution of the work Messrs. Marshall & Beveridge have most generously aided our sisters. In speaking of Marshall & Beveridge Mrs. H. said that it was a great pleasure to her to make this public acknowledgment.

In speaking of the need of such magazines Mrs. Joseph Cook, at a late public meeting, said: "It would take not more than one hour to read most of these from cover to cover. We know of no guest better than these, and none entertained at so little cost." Our own MAGAZINE is but 60 cents per year. The counsels of a tried and true friend, who unselfishly sought the good of all, Dr. Dales, have been sadly missed.

The place of Mrs. J. G. Carson as a member of the committee, and its treasurer, is declared vacant. Mrs. Hutchison spoke most feelingly of the great loss to the MAGAZINE Committee.

Mrs. Patterson reported for the treasurer. Mrs. Carson carried on her work until September with assistance from Dr. Carson. The ladies who have so well carried on this magazine work ask that their hands be upheld. The work of this MAGAZINE is the work of all. A few minutes being left Mrs. P. read the tribute to that loved and valued member of the Committee from the May number of our MAGAZINE. The President made some remarks after Mrs. P. had finished reading that beautiful tribute to Mrs. Carson. She spoke of her as "our own Mrs. Carson." After this Mrs. H. C. Campbell said she could not allow this opportunity to pass without giving her tribute to the sense of loss we all feel.

Mrs. A. P. Hutchison, of Philadelphia Presbytery, followed Mrs. Campbell and told of having been at one time connected with the church of which Dr. Carson was pastor, and of the wise counsel given her by Mrs. Carson when she was looking forward to becoming a pastor's wife.

Mrs. Clokey Porter said she never, under any circumstances, saw her disturbed in any way. It was sunshine all along. Her whole connection with the W. G. M. S. was one of sweetness and sunshine.

The last report of this loved, honored, useful and prominent member of our church was then adopted by a rising vote.

The 103 psalm was very appropriately announced, bringing to the mind of the writer a time when we sang this same psalm at the funeral of one young, beautiful in person and character, and who had come from Xenia to a home in an India mission bungalow, giving great promise of future usefulness.

The discussion on "Our MAGAZINE" was full of interest. There are about 5000 subscribers. Those in charge of it are full of love for it, and strive in every way to make it just what we want in a magazine. If it is not what the sisters want it to be, they should make it better. What is sent to the Committee is printed.

The report of the committee appointed by the W. G. M. S. to consider the advisability of establishing a training institute for lady missionaries, both home and foreign, was heard. All seem to favor such an institution. We want missionaries trained along our own lines. We want them to be able to explain why we sing the undenominational psalms, our position on the Sabbath question and secret societies. Allegheny and Xenia seminaries were spoken of as suitable places for such institutions.

Mrs. Stewart spoke on the question from a missionary's point of view.

The committee on place now brought in a report which was adopted. It was "no invitation for next year." That report afforded considerable amusement. One inquired what we were going to do; "just stay on in Princeton?" Another suggested it would be a pretty good thing, as we are being entertained so royally.

The report of the committee on nominations was next heard. Dr. Carson cheerfully offers to serve to the end of the MAGAZINE year, August 1st, and the matter of filling the important post occupied by Mrs. Carson was left to the discretion of the MAGAZINE Committee.

A report was given of work amongst the freedmen, and a paper on the subject was read by Miss Mary Schwarberg, of Henderson, N. C. Dr. Vincent could not be present. The report of Home mission work shows progress. There are $16000 in the treasury, which has been set aside for work in Utah. It is desired to establish a mission at Salt Lake City, but so far the man has not been found. We want a church in Salt Lake City and when we build, a permanent stone one should be erected.

Mrs. Howie, of Chicago, read a paper on Home Missions. She considers home work fundamental. There were churches at Jerusalem before there was a church at Antioch. Foreign missions are dependent on the home church; the greater the home church the stronger can these be made.

Mrs. Gillespie reported for the Junior mission work. The papers on this subject by Miss Martin, Mrs. Martin and Mrs. McCracken were well written and bristling with suggestions for carrying on this work.

Among the important business which crowded in was the notice given of the amendments to the old charter. These will come up next year for final action.

The evening services began with a Junior missionary exercise. This was well performed, and enjoyed alike by old and young. About 150 children took part.

Miss Luella C. Donnan, of Lake Presbytery, read a paper on Social Christianity. I hope this paper will be published that every one may have a chance to read it. Miss Donnan treated her subject well.

This has been a most enjoyable convention. Everyone feels it has been a good thing to come to Princeton. The Princeton people will long be remem-

bered by those who attended the convention of '94 for their hospitality.

Those coming west over the Air Line, Friday, had an exceedingly pleasant journey to St. Louis. The manager was on the train and invited the delegates returning by that road into the parlor car. Thus instead of being scattered all over an ordinary car we were together and had a most enjoyable trip. We all feel like saying something nice about the Air Line between Louisville, Ky., and St. Louis.

JOSEPHINE WHITE.

To what has been so well said with reference to the late meeting of the W. G. M. S. but little need be added.

The place of meeting insured a royal welcome and bounteous hospitality. The meeting of the delegation from the north at Terre Haute by three young gentlemen escorts, anticipating, in a more than ordinary way, the needs of the guests, was the first "address of welcome." Each visitor was assigned to her stopping place, and a package of tags produced with which to check "the big box, little box, band-box and bundle." "Tradition has it" that one of the hosts went to the station to meet eight guests, and wrung his hands when confronted by thirty-two. But his discipline in army life was not to go for nothing, and on second thought he rallied his forces and disposed of the company in a most creditable manner. One hundred and two delegates responded to roll call and were attentive at all the sessions, both for devotion and business.

The president, Mrs. Henderson, won all hearts by her sweet, unaffected and dignified manner, and fairness in her rulings. Her address was well received, and cannot but leave a good impression.

The Board of Directors had copies of their report distributed, and did not consume time with reading, but spent the time allotted in calling attention to important parts, answering questions, etc.

The Thank-offering and Literature committee, finding the work too heavy, asked that it be divided and made two separate branches, which was done. The literature table was well supplied, and we hope that much of a helpful character was carried away to the different societies.

After the report of the Magazine Committee came the time for discussion, which, without any pre-arranged plan, was almost wholly occupied with spontaneous and touching tributes to the memory of Mrs. J. G. Carson, the late treasurer.

Some changes in the charter were considered, which, seen through common eyes, seemed very small, but which, from a legal standpoint, might possess some value.

By the decision of the convention the "minutes" are not to be printed in the Magazine this year, but are to be printed separate, under the care of the Women's Board.

A resolution was introduced to pay the traveling expenses, to and from the convention, of the secretaries of the Women's Board and one member of the Magazine Committee. The Magazine Committee thanked the friends who had added a representative for them, but explained that it would be unnecessary for the General Society to be at this expense. The Magazine Committee had borne their own expenses in the beginning of the enterprise, but of late they had been paid out of the Magazine funds. The paying of the travelling expenses of the secretaries is nothing more than simple justice. They do much hard work during the year, and should certainly not be at their own charges in going up to present that work to the General Society.

The Thank-offering service on Wed-

nesday evening was full of interest as the delegates from many states, from the eastern seaboard to California, came forward and deposited their offerings. Egypt and India too were there with their gifts. As each delegate announced the sum brought by her, and the grand total of over $17,000.00 was reached, some of the business men of Princeton who were present asked their neighbors if this was real money. It was hard for them to realize that in these stringent times the women "should be able to offer so willingly after this sort."

The mother of the late beloved Mrs. Lydia E. Martin, of India, donated a quilt as her Thank-offering. It was sold for $17.00, the money to go to the Thank-offering and the quilt to the missionary room in the Aged People's Home. The wife of a native pastor in India donated hand-made lace as her offering, which was sold for $2.50.

We cannot but commend the friends at Princeton for the rare good sense exhibited in the entertainment. While it was complete in all its appointments, there was not the least hint of parade. As one of the many evidences of the kindly feeling among the different denominations, the dining rooms of the new Presbyterian church were put at the service of the Committee on entertainment, and in these the dinners were served. The *menu*, which struck us as rather a model one for such an occasion, was as follows: Each plate served with bread and butter, pickles, shredded ham and shredded chicken. Tea and coffee, bread and butter and jellies were passed; dessert: ice cream and two kinds of cake. The tables, covered with pure white linen and decorated with flowers, and the charming waitresses with their snowy caps, gave the dining-room a very pretty appearance.

The absence of both of the vice-presidents, which we presume was unavoidable, was nevertheless to be regretted. Any account of the convention however short would be incomplete without reference to the exercise well rendered by the Sabbath-schools of Rev. A. M. Campbell's church, and the mission started by him, but which is at present under the care of Rev. J. Kyle. These gentlemen, along with the energetic superintendent, Mr. G. R. Stormont, and his faithful band of teachers, were no doubt gratified at the full attendance of children, notwithstanding the inclement evening and the long distances many of them had to come, and the very acceptable manner in which they rendered the parts assigned them. The scene was a touching one, for we knew that as these costumed groups from foreign lands extended their hands to America for the gospel, behind it all were these little hearts and upturned faces, pleading with us, members of the United Presbyterian church, for the gospel for themselves and their own homes; and we were not surprised to learn that some young hearts received impressions that will likely influence their lives.

We think friends will bear us out in saying that while the sessions were long and crowded there was not one over long or tedious performance in the whole meeting.

FINAL STATEMENT OF TREASURER OF THE MINUTES FUND.

Received from Chartiers Pres.—Junior Societies of Washington, Pa	$ 5 00
Received from Garnett Pres	1 00
Received from Pittsburg, Kan	3 00
Received from Argyle Pres.—Shushan, N. Y.	1 00
Received from Treasurer of Women's Board.	50 00
Amount previously acknowledged	515 40
Whole amount received	$575 40
Paid to Marshall & Beveridge	413 00
Paid to Shaw Bros.	150 00
Returned to Miss E. J. Sloan, Treas	12 40
	$575 40

It is understood that the balance due to the Shaw Bros. of $62.25 was paid by the Women's Board, but did not pass through the hands of the

TREASURER OF THE MINUTES FUND.

STUDIES FOR MISSIONARY SOCIETIES FOR 1894.

JULY.—Mission in Egypt.
AUGUST.—Mission in India.
SEPT.—Home Missions.
OCT.—Warm Springs Mission.
NOV.—Freedmen's Missions.
DEC.—Our Benevolent Institutions, a Review.

PROGRAMME FOR JULY.

Sing Ps. 106, C. M., 3-8.
Scripture lesson, Isaiah 19.
Subject, Egypt.—Five-minute papers or talks of Egypt.
1st. Topography and early history.
2nd. Egypt under the Pharaohs.
3rd. Egypt under the Ptolemies.
4th. Egypt from the birth of Christ to 1854 A. D.
5th. United Presbyterian Mission in Egypt from 1854 A. D., to 1894 A. D.
Sing Ps. 114, H. M.

We trust the history of Egypt may be interesting to all the women's missionary societies in our church.

Egypt—the land of the Pharaohs—the land where the patriarchs, Abraham and Isaac, found a refuge; where Joseph rose from a slave to a seat next to the throne of the kingdom; where Jacob died; where God's chosen people became a great nation—the land that was in its prime in the days of Moses; the scene of mighty miracles and terrible judgments, and, above all, the land where Jesus, the Saviour of the world, was carried to escape the cruelties of a wicked king.

We must not think of Egypt as being a poor heathen country whose people were rude and uncultivated, for, on the contrary, its scholars in the early ages were the finest in the world; its artisans built temples and monuments that have never been surpassed, and its pyramids are among the wonders of the world.

Read Wilkinson's Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians, Brugsch Bey's Egypt under the Pharaohs, Palmer's Egyptian Chronicles, Eber's Egypt. MRS. J. B. CARRUTHERS.

Reports of Societies, Etc.

May Report Women's Board,

Room 8, Jackson Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The regular monthly meeting of the Women's Board was opened by the first vice-president, Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter; prayer by Miss Sloan. The time of this meeting was largely devoted to the reading and discussion of the annual reports prepared for the convention. The Foreign Secretary reports applications for the foreign field. One for Egypt has been recommended.

Dr. Mary A. Platter, the medical missionary under appointment to India, will go out under other circumstances than at first proposed.

Church Extension Secretary reported application for parsonage in the western field.

Freedmen's Secretary's monthly report having been included in the annual report, was not repeated.

A motion to adjourn was carried and the report of the Home Secretary was deferred. MARY W. PORTER, Sec.

At the adjourned meeting of the W. G. M. S. held in the Board of Director's room in Pittsburgh, May 18, a telegram was received from the president-elect, Mrs. W. S. Stewart, of Philadelphia, extending thanks for the honor but stating that it would be impossible to accept. The resignation was accepted and Mrs. W. W. Barr, of the same city, elected to fill the vacancy.

MRS. BELL M'CLANAHAN.

Resolutions of the W. M. S., of Mt. Ayr, Iowa, on death of Mrs. Bell McClanahan, Nov. 20, 1893.

WHEREAS, God having called home to Himself our dear sister and co-worker,

Resolved, That we express our deep sorrow in this first death in our society, at the same time bowing in submission to the Father's will.

Resolved, That in the death of this respected member of our society we have lost a true and faithful friend, one who had a deep interest in its welfare and in the welfare of the church. We bear cheerful testimony to her consistent Christian life, and her readiness to help in work for the master.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved husband and children, praying that God may comfort them as He alone can.

MRS. E. R. TEDFORD,
MRS. KATE LIGGETT,
MRS. H. M. SLENTZ,
} Com.

Lovingly Joie